SONGS FOR THE DISCONTENTED

Coth' avenging aword unsheathe.

ind all their arts are un-a-vail-ing.

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

Chorus

Charles Warking Class and the Employing Class wave nothing

HALLELUJAHI PM A BUM. (Tune, "Revive Us Again,")

O; why don't you work.

As other men do?

How in hell can I work.

When there's no work to do?

Chorus:

Hallelujah I'm a bum!
Hallelujah, bum again!
Hallelujah, give us a handout—
To revive us again.

O, why don't you save
All the money you earn?
If I did not eat
I'd have money to burn!

O. I like my boss—

He's a good friend of mine;
That's why I'm starving
Out in the bread-line!

I can't buy a job—
For I ain't got the dough,
So I ride in a box car,
For I'm a hobo!

Whenever I get
All the money I earn,
The boss will be broke,
And to work he must turn!

"SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL" (and hunger in my stomach).

For a job I sadly sigh today,
Hire me, and I'll work all night.
Hard times—and board is very high—
To eat we've got to fight!

Bowlet KIS

O, the job-sign, deadly job-sign. Makes the workers weary in their souls. When we put the boots to the employment shark

Labor Creates All Wealth.

There's a core place in my back today.

Number twos' are what I love.

What we'll do, when Winter comes around,

God knows, who's up above!

The Industrial Workers of the World

Are putting up a fight—
Workingmen, who are now on the bum,

Take a tumble and unite!

OUT IN THE BREAD-LINE.

(Give us, this day, our daily bread.)

Out in the bread-line, the fool and the knave, Out in the bread-line, the sucker and slave, Coffee and doughnuts now takes all our cash, We're on the bum, and we're glad to get hash.

Chorus:

Out in the bread-line, rain or sunshine, We're up against it today.

Out in the bread-line, watching the job-sign. We're on the bum, boys, today.

The employment office now ships east and west.

Jobs are quite scarce—they are none of the best;

Grub, it is rocky—a discount we pay; We are dead broke and we'll have to eat hay.

We are the big burns, the hoboes, and

O we look hungry, our clothes are all rags; while a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake,

Langus at our troubles and gives us the snake.

O res, we're suckers, there's no doubt of

We live like dogs, with the boss he gets fat; God help his picture, when once we get wise, Re'll, he the bum, tand we'll be the swell guys,

THE RED FLAG.

By James Connell.

"The poor is any country his! What are to me your glories and your industries they are not mine."

The Prople's flag is deepest red.
It shoulded off our marryred dead;
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold Their life blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus:

Then rules the SCARLET STANDARD high Edward its folds we'll live and die. Though cowards flinch and traiters sneer; We become the RED FLACT flying here.

Look round the Frenchman loves its hiaze, The stordy torinian chants his praise: in Muscow's valits its hymns are sung, Chipago swells its surging song.

It wived alove our infant night.
When all about seemed dark as night;
It wisnessed many a deed and you.
We tall not change its color new.

It suits today, the meek and hase. Whose minds are fixed on yelf and place. To kringe beneath the rich man's frown. And hast that sacred emblem down.

With blads uncovered, swear we all. To best it onward till we fall.
Come disperse dark or railows grim.
This song shull be one parting hymn!

